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A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MRS. ELZA ATMORE.

Written by C. Atmore.

AS my dear wife, through extreme modesty, could never be prevailed upon to write an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with her, the following may be supposed to be but an imperfect one, as I can only relate a few circumstances, which I remember to have heard from her, in the course of the few years that the Lord blessed me with her. Her ancestors had been rather eminent for piety, among the Protestant Dissenters, for several generations; which was a circumstance she frequently mentioned with gratitude to God, and often used to plead in prayer, "Thou art the God of my forefathers." It pleased the Great Disposer of all events to deprive her of her mother when very young; but I have often heard her speak with pleasure of the many prayers and tears of her pious grandmother on her account.

The Lord began to strive with her at a very early period, though she resisted the motions of the spirit for many years. She had a very lively imagination, and as she grew up had a great turn for reading. Plays, romances, novels, history, and poetry, seemed wholly to engross her mind. She was much inclined to dress and gay company; was fond of public amusements, plays, dancing, &c.; and, had it not been for parental restraints, she would probably have gone to much greater lengths than she did; yet at times she was very uncomfortable, and felt a want of *something* to make her happy. She was often impressed with a sense of the Lord's goodness in the privileges she enjoyed in her father's house; such as family prayer, and the reading of scriptures. When she went to the boarding-school she was deprived of these advantages; but she frequently retired at the hour of family-prayer at home,

and wept in secret before the Lord. The last time she ever attended the theatre, was, I believe, when at this school, but she had not the least satisfaction there : She went contrary to the dictates of her conscience, and was filled with such horror of soul, that she was led to fear the earth would open its mouth and swallow her up ; and in her way home, she imagined the very heavens frowned upon her, and shewed forth the displeasure of her Lord. This plainly discovers that the spirit of God was working upon her soul, yet she was not fully awakened till several years afterwards.

When it pleased the Lord to bring her brother to the knowledge of the truth, he frequently spoke to her upon the nature and necessity of being born again, and she as often opposed him. One time, in particular, he had been speaking to her very closely, and though she saw and felt the propriety of all he said, such was the pride of her heart, that she would not confess it, and even resisted all his arguments as forcibly as she was able : But he had no sooner left her, than such a horrible dread overwhelmed her, that she fell prostrate upon the floor, and there lay as in an agony for a considerable time. She now began to be very serious ; she broke off from her former companions ; the fashionable amusements of life were imbibited to her ; she saw the vanity of outward adorning, by degrees laid it aside, and dressed as she ever did after, as a woman professing godliness. She now listened to sermons as she had not been accustomed to do before ; she became a diligent reader of the holy scriptures, and the Lord by his spirit discovered to her the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and gave her to feel the plague of her own heart. She often wept in secret by day, and at night watered her pillow with her tears. She received much light into the way of salvation by the preaching of the Methodists ; and a sermon she heard at the Baptist chapel at Preston, by the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, from *Psal. xlvi. 5*, was much blest to her soul ; so that she now began to hope, and to wait for the salvation of God. The following extract from a copy of a letter which I found among her papers, will fully shew the state of her mind at this period. After cautioning her friend to beware of receiving the opinion of

the people of the world against the Methodists, she says, “ I would not be thought to confine all profitable instruction to them, but this I can say, I was conscious that all was not right with *me* : *I had sinned against God*; consequently I had no title to happiness, his favour *here*, or to heaven *hereafter* : I went *hither* and *thither* for instruction, in order that I might find peace to my soul, and balm to my wounded mind. At length I found that the Lord visited me in mercy, and shewed me the way of salvation, through the precious blood of Christ, by the preaching of the Methodists, for which I desire to be thankful ; and I believe I shall praise God to all eternity for the ministry of his word by them. I tried the same means of obtaining happiness which *you* are now engaged in, but I found (as *you* find sometimes) that all that the world could give, was in promise, or in prospect only, not in real enjoyment : it always left an aching void, and it always *will*, because it is contrary to the nature of an immortal spirit, which nothing but God himself can satisfy.”

The Lord often visited her as a transient guest, and frequently drew near to her in the quickening, comforting influences of his spirit. She was at last enabled to lay hold upon the Lord Jesus by faith, and experienced redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of sins : The love of God was shed abroad in her heart, which sweetly constrained her to love him again, and unreservedly to devote herself to his service. But though she was thus happy, and walked uprightly before the Lord, yet she did not cast in her lot among his people, which she afterwards greatly lamented, as she had just cause to do. For being about this time upon a visit in a genteel family, and having a good musical voice, she was strongly solicited to sing a moral song : This she for some time refused, but being young in grace, and ignorant of the devices of Satan, she at last consented ; which she had no sooner done, than a cloud interposed between her and her Lord. She no longer saw his reconciled face ; she was filled with confusion, and having grieved his spirit, she went out of the room and wept bitterly*.

* Some persons may be led to ask, what reason there was for this

She returned home from this visit as one shorn of her strength ; her peace and joy were fled, and sorrowful nights and days were appointed unto her : for however trifling this circumstance may appear to those whose consciences are not tender, yet it cost her weeks, months, yea years, to recover what she had lost in that moment.

She now began to think seriously of joining the society, but saw herself so unworthy, that she scarce dared to propose it. However, she became united to the people called Methodists in December 1781. This proved a very great blessing to her soul ; the Lord frequently visited her in mercy, and at times she experienced a degree of divine comfort ; yet her doubts and fears prevailed, and it was some time before she regained a *clear* sense of the favour of God. I first became acquainted with her in September 1784 ; she was then earnestly seeking the pearl of great price which she had lost. I found an uncommon union of spirit with her as a Christian friend, from the first time I saw her, though I had not *then* the least idea, of our ever being more closely united.

In the spring of the year 1785, I kept a lovefeast at *Blackburn*, at which she was present. It was a time that will be remembered by many with joy to all eternity : The Lord was very present, and the people rejoiced on every side. After the love-feast was ended, she came into the house where I was, and I well remember, I addressed her, by saying, “*Certainly, Miss Crane, you have been blest to day : I hope you will now doubt no more ?*” She replied,

distress, if she only swig a moral song ? I answer, 1. The consciences of persons newly converted are generally very tender, sometimes perhaps to an extreme. 2. She was conscious that she did not intend the glory of God—her eye was not single, (compare Mat. vi. 22, 23, with Eph. iv. 10. Colos. iii. 16, 17. 1 Cor. x. 31.) this brought heaviness, and then darkness, into her soul ; and for want of looking instantly, as she ought to have done, to the Propitiation for sin, (1 John ii. 1, 2.) she fell into discouragement, and continued in that state for a considerable time.

“I bless the Lord I have found it a good time ; yet not so good as I expected.” I answered, “I do wonder what you would have the Lord to do for you to convince you of his love. I am fully persuaded you are justified, and if you would believe it, you would feel the comfort of it.” She was much struck with what I said, and in her way home she ruminated upon it. While she was musing the divine fire was kindled in her soul, and at last she spake with her tongue,—“God does love *me* ; Jesus did die for *me* ; I *do* believe, and I *will* believe.” All her doubts and fears that instant vanished ; her former peace and joy returned ; and she went home rejoicing in the God of her salvation : And this sense of the divine favour she never lost till her happy spirit entered into the joy of her Lord.

From the time that the Lord brought her soul into the liberty of his children, she became valiant for his truth, and was never ashamed to espouse his cause, into whatever company she came. She conversed freely with most that came in her way, whether rich or poor, upon the necessity of an union of the soul with Jesus, and the happiness resulting from it. She was naturally formed for eminence ; her talents were rather remarkable, and she frequently exercised them in public prayer-meetings. She had a degree of courage and firmness of mind, more common to the *other sex*, blended with all that softness and sweetness so peculiar to her *own*. Many with whom she conversed, felt the power of the spirit by which she spoke, and were constrained to bow before her. Thus she continued for several years a pattern to all within her sphere, of piety and devotedness to God.

On Monday, February 19, 1787, she gave me her hand, and became *mine* in the closest bonds : An union for which I shall have cause to praise the Lord to all eternity. When we were married I was stationed in the city of Edinburgh : The people there received her with every mark of esteem and love ; yet they were so different, in some respects, to her Christian friends in England, that for some weeks she was much discouraged : but when we removed to Glasgow, where there had been a consider-

able revival of religion, she regained her strength, and greatly increased it. It was there I first gave her a class of young women ; an office in the church for which she was well qualified, and in the exercise of which she was made a blessing to many in Glasgow, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Alnwick, and Halifax. One who knew her well, and who was for some time under her care, writes as follows :

“ I am happy to hear that you are going to write the life of my invaluable friend : It is only *you*, or those who knew her value, that are capable of doing justice to her memory. I trust it will be attended with a blessing. Her deep acquaintance with divine things, and other excellencies, which you were fully acquainted with will furnish matter sufficient to make her appear what she really *was*. You will not, I think, forget to mention her usefulness as a *class-leader*. Many here are ready to testify how much they have been profited by her faithful prayers ; and the heavenly wisdom, which flowed from her lips, was generally attended with divine power to ail our hearts. For my own part, I have always considered it a most providential circumstance, that I was put under her care in that capacity. You know how much her instructions were blest to me. A few words spoken by her, have often proved a great blessing to my soul, and come with more power to my heart, than the best sermon I ever heard.”

(*To be continued.*)

WALKING THE STREETS.

HAVE you never walked through the crowded streets of a great city ?

What shoals of people pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley ! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through ; yet all pass on their way without stop or molestation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way for themselves and those after them, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's yielding a little.

Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one, who knows how to walk the streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed, without touching, in the smallest possible space.

He pushes no one into the channel, nor goes into it himself. By mutual accommodation, the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faster nor much slower than those who go in the same direction. In the first case he would elbow, in the second he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arises, from a carriage crossing, a cask rolled, a pick-pocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.—Like this is the march of life.

In our progress through the world, a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now we ought in the first place to consider, that the road is as free for one as for another; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours.—Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of plea-

sure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make the journey of life easy to all our fellow-travellers, as well as to ourselves.

MILITARY RETURNS.

The following is copied from the original notice to a citizen of Philadelphia of the enrolment for the present spring ; the captain of the company took the trouble of issuing a circular notice to every citizen of legal age, and the following is the answer of one of them claiming to be exempted, as having already enrolled under a *superior commander*.

BROTHER TRAVELLER TO ETERNITY ;

“ You send me your orders captain to meet you on a certain day for the purpose of parading, by command of your general. But I have to inform you, that I have already enlisted under the banner of the cross, which has been supported near eighteen hundred years ; and as an officer under this flag, I charge and summon you to prepare to meet me and my commander in the world of spirits, to answer for your rebellion or disobedience to his command. Although you have an earthly commander, I much fear you are enlisted under the black flag of the grand enemy of mankind, and though a faithful subject, yet will he not reward with any thing but evil here, and add to it hereafter ; now if you return to mine he is a loving commander, who will receive you, and grant you a full and free pardon, and place a crown of glory on your head.

“ You command me to appear on the 2d and 11th of this month ; but I set no time, as we may be in eternity before that time. How

bold to speak of days as though we could command death to disappear which now hath laid hold on us.

“ You inform me to notify you, if I wished to be placed on the exempt list ; but I have to inform you that I have been some time on the exempt from the sinful vanities or follies of this world, such as you are now pursuing ; for I must tell you, this proceeds out of the pride and malice of unregenerated hearts, and no greater proof can be given, than that you find within yourself ; for you find yourself ready to go forth, that the blood of your fellow worms and servants may flow on the ground, and they reeling with the same wrath for yours ; thus are the servants of Satan meditating destruction, that they may the sooner people the regions of darkness and despair. But the children of my commander (who is no less than the Son of God, the Creator and preserver of all flesh) do not meditate revenge, but pity the subjects of Satan, and rejoice when they return. Having received a portion of his loving spirit, they delight to do them good. Your commander says, do all the evil you can—but my commander says, do all the good you can. To conclude, you cannot purchase his favors any other way, than to come and lay down the weapons of your rebellion, and beseech the throne of grace, for mercy and pardon, believing you will receive.

“ From your fellow worm,

“ *** *****.”

Dated,

“ The portion that is taken out of eternity, which is called time, May 2d, 1808—part of that space given you to repent and return, confessing your sins to him who searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins of the children of men ; and woe unto you if you turn not.”

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OF SPEECH. IT is safer to learn than to teach ; and he who conceals his opinion has nothing to answer for. Inquire often, but judge rarely, and thou wilt not often be mistaken.

ON PRAYER.

“WHAT,” says Hervey, “can be so truly becoming a dependent state as to pay our adoring homage to the author of all perfection; and profess our devoted allegiance to the Supreme Almighty Governor of the universe? Can there be a more sublime pleasure than to dwell in fixed contemplation on the beauties of the eternal mind? Can there be a more advantageous employ than to present our requests to the Father of mercies?” “Men (said our gracious Saviour) ought always to pray and not to faint.”

1. A poor man once came to a minister, and said, “Master C—r what will become of me? I work hard and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive.” Mr. C—r answered, “Still you want one thing, I will tell you what you shall do—work hard, and pray hard, and I will warrant you shall thrive.”

2. The old duke of Bedford used to say, “I consider the prayers of God’s ministers and people, as the best walls round my house.”

3. The great Dr. Boerhaave acknowledged, that an hour spent every morning in private prayer and meditation, gave him spirit and vigour for the business of the day, and kept his temper active patient and calm.

4. It is said of colonel Gardiner, that he had always his two hours with God in a morning. If his regiment were to march at four, he would be up at two. Alas, we have few officers who think it their duty or honour to learn to pray.

5. For authors to implore the blessing of the Divine Being on their writings, is considered as a species of enthusiasm by many, yet we find that Dr. Johnson, who was never considered as an enthusiast, making use of the following prayer on the occasion of his writing one of his most celebrated publications.—“Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I

beseech thee, that in this undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others ; grant this, O Lord, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen."

6. Dr. Doddridge used frequently to observe that he never advanced well in human learning without prayer, and that he always made the most proficiency in his studies when he prayed with the greatest fervency.

7. It is related of Horshead, professor of medicine, that he joined devotion with the knowledge and practice of physic. He carefully prayed to God to bless his prescription, and published a form of prayer upon this subject.

8. God, says Dr. Watts, expects to be acknowledged in the common affairs of life, and he does as certainly expect it in the superior operations of the mind, and in the search of knowledge and truth. Bishop Saunderson says, that study without prayer is atheism, as well as, that prayer without study is presumption. And we are still more abundantly encouraged by the testimony of those who have acknowledged from their own experience, that sincere prayer was no hindrance to their studies ; they have gotten more knowledge sometimes upon their knees, than by their labour in perusing a variety of authors, and they have left this observation for such, as follows : Praying is the best studying.

9. While it is our duty personally to dedicate ourselves to God, our families also should not be neglected. But, alas ! how much degenerated are we in this respect. " In the days of our fathers, says good Bishop Burnet, " when a person came early to the door of his neighbour, and desired to speak with the master of the house, it was as common a thing for the servants to tell him with freedom, " my master is at prayer," as it is now to say, " my master is not up."

The following instance may teach us that family devotion may be attended to, even by those who are in dignified and public situ-

ations. Sir Thomas Abney kept up regular prayer in his family, during all the time he was Lord Mayor of London: and in the evening of the day he entered on his office, he without any notice withdrew from the public assembly at Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there performed family worship, and then returned to the company.

A WELL KNOWN EPITAPH.

ILLUSTRATED AND IMPROVED.

Remember man, now passing by,
As thou art now, so once was I;
As I am now, so must thou be,
Prepare therefore to follow me.

WHOEVER this lover of simplicity and truth was, he certainly stole the idea from the Latin motto, *Sum, Es, Fui.*

Rest happy shade, who in thy pilgrimage through this vale of sin and sorrow, compiled this short but pithy lesson for wandering travellers yet to come; who has thus kindly left a memento for future ages in words plain and simple, yet strong and nervous; on a subject daily seen, but hourly forgot; while by thy direction every grinning scalp thus bespeaks the busy passenger,

As I am now, so must thou be.

Let us now proceed to consider the above epitaph, together with the motto, in such a manner, as may conduce to general profit; notwithstanding the frailty of the human heart, or the folly of the author's head.

Sum, Es, Fui.

Remember man, now passing by,
As thou art now, so once was I.

Here comes in the *Es*; and the motto and the epitaph both join in this important question, What art thou? Art thou the child of health, and a lover of mirth? So once was I. Does the glance of

love, the flush of fury, or the serene look of complaisance, sparkle in thine eyes? So once they did in mine.

Active appear thy limbs, strong seems thy constitution; so once seemed mine. Art thou the child of calamity? Do disappointments thwart thy best designs? does affliction mar thy comfort, or losses unexpected spoil thy hopes? Just so it was with me, till death released my weary soul, and bowed my head in dust. Thus speaks the faithful monitor—*a dead man's skull.*

“Wait the great teacher Death.” **NIGHT THOUGHTS.**



MODESTY AND LEARNING.

WHEN the most amiable modesty is united with the greatest talents, they form an irresistible charm, which wins on every heart.

Ælian informs us, that, when Plato had arrived at Olympia, to see the Olympic games, he put up at an inn with strangers, by whom he was equally unknown. The sweetness of his manners, however, and his conversation, free from all affectation of superior wisdom, so charmed his companions, that they congratulated themselves in their fortuitous acquaintance with such a man. Not a word respecting the Academy or Socrates escaped his lips: he only mentioned that his name was Plato.

The games being finished, the philosopher returned to Athens with his new friends, and treated them with the greatest hospitality.

“Come,” said they, “show us now your namesake, the disciple of Socrates, whose fame is so widely blazoned. Conduct us to the Academy, that we may reap some advantage from his conversation.”

“Behold,” replied he, with a gentle smile, “I am the man.” His guests were astonished that they could have been so long in

the society of the real Plato without knowing it; and they felt how strongly he was capable of engaging the affections of those with whom he was conversant, even without entering on his customary philosophical discourses, for which he was so illustrious.

TEMPORAL HAPPINESS.

DO good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.

Too few know when they have enough, and fewer know how to employ it.

Act not the shark upon thy neighbour; nor take advantage of the ignorance, prodigality, or necessity of any one; for that is next door to a fraud, and, at best, makes but an unblessed gain.

It is often times the judgment of God upon greedy rich men, that he suffers them to push on their desires of wealth to the excess of over-reaching, grinding, or oppression; which poisons all they have gotten: so that it commonly runs away as fast, and by as bad ways, as it was heaped up together.

Poetry.

ON ASCENSION-DAY,

PAGES of truth immutable, proclaim
 Mankind redeem'd. Faith finds a safe repose
 In his harmonious all-prevailing name,
 Who bow'd submission to a world of woes.
 Having completely vanquish'd all his foes,
 Led captive hell, broke death's tyrannic chain,
 And fix'd their bounds; triumphantly he rose

The blissful shores of glory to regain ;
There as the King of Kings eternally to reign.

Ye men of Galilee what new delight !
What extacy immortal fir'd each breast !
When in salvation's robes of spotless white,
Perfect and pure to angels stood confess !
Commission'd with the Almighty's high behest,
'That Jesus should revisit your sojourn,
'Mid hierarchies ; with whom he shall invest,
Power that shall influence the silent urn
His mandate to obey, ' Ye dead to life return.'

Awake my soul, in contemplation soar
To yonder far extended void of space ;
Th' immeasurable sea without a shore :
Where first created spheres began their race,
Mov'd by the great first cause ; before whose face,
Darkness and discord fled on speedy wing.
Recal the scene : Messiah's footsteps trace ;
And with the ascending bright procession, sing
To thy once suffering Lord, but now all-powerful King.

For him angelic powers in numbers throng,
Who hither Christ's imperial standard bear,
And touch their golden harps ; a sacred song
To great Heaven's victor Son, they all prepare.
Th' exalted melody that fills the air,
Reverberate in other skies remote ;
Strains only heard by an immortal ear,
Now on the blue translucid æther float,
And far-extending regions lengthen out each note.

With shouting choirs heaven's blissful mansions ring.
To the Almighty Father first was pour'd
Infinite praise : Messiah next they sing,

In raptures high, and hail him King and Lord,
 Worshipp'd, obey'd, and ever more ador'd.
 Open, ye everlasting doors ! display
 Your sacred courts, of living light well-stor'd :
 The King of Glory comes ! prepare the way
 That leads to the supreme eternal source of day.

In their resplendant orbs, the sun and stars,
 (Which lately sympathizing dresses wore
 For their great Master's painful wounds and **sears** ;)
 A second time their shouts of gladness pour.
 At the ascending triumph, they adore
 Heaven's everlasting Son, and him applaud ;
 Ascribing praise, and glory evermore,
 To their invincible great victor **GOD**,
 Return'd to his imperial throne and high abode.

It's sacred Lord, heaven's blissful realms enshrine
 In glory inexpressible ; array'd
 In all the Godhead's majesty divine :
 By whom, for us, is intercession made.
 He, when time's last diurnal debt is paid,
 Shall re-appear, his kingdom to secure
 To all his little flock.† The skies shall fade ;
 But fix'd his word on truth, which firm and sure,
 Coeval with his essence ever shall endure.

O glorious change ! when shining from afar
 The panoply of dread Omnipotence,
 Descends with him, who once at Pilate's bar,
 In meekness bore insult and gross offence !
 Now seated on his heav'nly throne, from whence
 Issues his word, t' approve or disapprove.
 With him the Church triumphant, shall commence
 Her union in his brightest realm above ;
 And reap immortal fruits of everlasting love.

† Luke xii, 32.